

Revenge

by Spikeslady

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Genre: Adventure
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-03-30 10:00:00
Updated: 2000-03-30 10:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:21:14
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 10,147
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Spike and a girl who Angelus killed try for revenge on Angel

Revenge

> Could you resend me this fic, I lost it again and my comp won't reopen it. > > Thanks Lindzey

You're hopeless, luv. =)

Revenge Title : Revenge Author: Lindzey(Mushy) E-mail :
Linzoid97@aol.com Rating : PG-13, bad language and violence Comments
(FEEDBACK) : I would love some so I know if I should continue on with
this story. No flaming! Let's see oh yeah, it makes me wanna get the
story done more too! Spoilers : After "Becoming 2", Before "Lover's
Walk" Setting : Sunnydale (Where else?) Disclaimer!!!!: Everything
belongs to Joss and the WB. Blah Blah Blah. Any songs or protected
stuff used in this story belongs to the owners and stuff. Summary:
Spike meets up with an old friend from his past. Well it ain't that
old of a friend and not that far in the past. Distribution: At my
site, <http://www.geocities.com/TelevisionCity/Network/7331/> Anyone
else, Ask, Ask, Ask first please. Authors Note : <> means the person
is thinking to themselves. Uh, and that's it.

Prolouge 1982, San Fransico, California State Hospital "Name?" The
nurse asked looking over this poor excuse for a volunteer. His hair,
blonder than all blonde necessary. "Spi -- . . . I mean William,
William Theblo." A skeptical eyebrow raised towards the man. "Theblo?
What's that Polish?" "Uh, no actually it's English." He smiled at the
young nurse taking down his name for a volunteer. "You're in
Maternity Ward A2. Room 6d. Any questions?" "Nope." He gave her a
wicked half grin and made his way down the hospital halls. Clad in a
protective scrub he walked into the room. He ears were immediately
attacked with the sound of crying children. He surveyed the room. No
other nurses were present. It was just him and the babies. He glanced
around the room to see if a window was there. Thank G-d (or Satan?)

Who knows?) for his luck, there was one. He walked over to the phone that sat on a desk in the corner of the large room. He tapped in the number slowly. The phone rang. And rang. Finally, a panting voice picked it up. "Hullo?" "Where were you?!" "Sleeping." "Sure. Listen up. Come to the hospital. I got us a fresh treat." "Be there in a flash." The man slammed the phone down, and made his way to the row of bassinets. All the babies were crying except for one, a little thing, wrapped in a pink blanket on the end. She watched him with careful, knowing eyes, and for a flash he felt a sense that she knew what he was thinking. He shook that off, she was only an infant, not more than a few hours old at the most. He turned away from her, and surveyed the rest. All were crying and screaming. He turned back to the small girl and leaned over her bassinet. Her eyes locked onto his and she calmly smiled at him. He gently lifted on her fragile arm and looked at her name tag. She giggled at him and gripped his finger. He smiled back. A nurse made her presence at the door by clearing her throat. "She's a good one. She'll be leaving with her mama in an hour." "She doesn't cry?" "Not even when she came into this world." "Well." A beeper sounded on the nurses waist. "Oh, I have to be off. Take care." She hurried down the hall. As another man entered the room. Black hair to his shoulders and eyes the color of emeralds, he stared at the other man, whose finger was being squeezed hard by the baby. The man pulled away from her and stared back at his starrer. "Zachariah." The blond man stated. "Spike." "Ready?" "Of course." Zachariah closed the door behind him, locking it. "Alright. how many are there?" "Enough." Spike gestured to the window, "If you go outside that window I'll hand them down to you." "Good deal." Zachariah pulled a chair up to the window, and pushed it open, breaking it out of its mold, it fell to the ground with a loud smash. "Oh yeah, That's not gonna draw attention." Spike commented picking up a chubby baby at the opposite end of the girl. Zachariah ignored his sarcastic comment and jumped out the window. Spike jumped onto the chair and leaned over the window sill, and handed the baby down to Zachariah. "Be careful, I don't fancy damaged goods." Zachariah set the wailing baby on the wet floor, ignoring Spike once again. A nurse appeared at the lock door banging on it Spike looked up and hurried handing Zachariah the babies one by one, until he came to the small girl. He looked down at the child and pulled the blanket over her, covering her from the cold. A group had surrounded the door and he heard the knob rattling as someone shoved keys into it. He looked back at the girl once more as he climbed on the chair. He jumped out of the door and grabbed the other children with Zachariah and planned a feast. ***** 1997-98 Sunnydale, California Angel walked up to a large framed house, suitcase in one hand vacuum in another. He smiled evilly before knocking on the door. A small boy about ten had answered it. "Yes?" "Is your parents home? I have this vacuum to show them." "Yeah sure, Come in." Angel walked in and set his belongings down next to the door, making sure he closed it behind him. "Mom! Dad! A vacuum guy's here!" "Tell him we don't want any!" A woman called back. The boy looked up at Angel. "We don't want any." Angel looked up from the bag he had been fidgeting with, game face on. "Are you sure?" The little boy gasped. "Ma--" Angel clasped a hand over his mouth. "Shhh . . .This won't hurt a bit." The boy fell to a crumpled mound on the floor. Angel looked up blood trailing from his lips to see the boys mother standing in the doorway of the adjoining room, mouth agape. She fled when her looked up at her. "Oh, don't run!" He yelled after her. He caught her in the kitchen and began with her towards the room they were in a moment ago. "Now, Where's Daddy?" She shook her head 'no' but her eyes flicked to the stairs. "We're going to have some fun!" Angel said as he went up the stairs.

Spike sat laughing at Angel as he walked into the factory, vacuum in hand. "Please don't tell me you actually used me suggestion . . ."
"Sure did. Worked like a charm." Angel looked over to Drucilla who floated over to him just by his glance. "No wonder they say salesman don't have souls." Spike commented as he wheeled away from the coupling of Angel and Dru. ***** 1997-98 Sunnydale, California A small slender girl walked up to a large house set back aways from the road. Her mouth was set in a line of worry, she sensed something was wrong, but she didn't know what. She didn't want to know. She wouldn't let herself see what had happened. She began up the large wooden step of the house and stopped at the second one from the door. Everything inside the house flooded into her mind and she staggered back down the stairs , falling to the concrete. She clamped a shaking hand over her mouth and gathered her things and ran down the drive way. The house was covered in red and blue lights, three stretchers proceeded on after another out of the front door. The girl stood outside next to a Sunnydale police car, tears streaking her face. A cop walked up behind her and laid a large hand on her shoulder. She didn't bother to look at him, she knew what he was thinking. "I'm sorry." "Me too." She replied. "So where is this child welfare place I have to stay tonight?" "In the next town. We'll call up your aunt tonight." "Thanks," she said as she moved away from him, his hand falling away from her shoulder. ***** Next day:
Early morning light drained into the room. The girl woke up to the sounds of sleep around her, she ignored the dreams of the others as she slid off the bed to the floor grabbing a bag she had shoved her clothes in. Silently she moved through the room, to the door. Carefully she opened and closed it behind her, than made her way down the streets. It was easy. No one was awake, not even the cook. She walked right out the front door. She reached in her pocket and grabbed a stake, just in case a vampire decided to be daring in the early morning. She stood outside the factory, afraid of what was inside, a rebellious vampire, who she knew, she knew, but not from where, a psychotic female vampire who was hanging all over HIM. The bastard who had taken away the three major joys in her life. A growl emerged from her throat but ended up in her sitting in the back yard of the factory crying like a child. Her mind was cloudy, she hadn't slept a bit. She felt the presence of another and looked up at the blond man she thought she knew. "Nice night for a snack don't you think?" He asked her. "No. You're not hungry really. You just want to scare me than dine on the blood of a young girl who's scared shitless. It's not working." "How . . ." "Don't worry about it, Spike." "You know my name?" His English accent was heavy, his voice surprised. "What are you?" "Not anything of the undead or demon-like. Just a girl." "Who knows what I'm thinking . . .Oh." He said answering his own question. "Can you fight?" "No." Spike looked down upon the girl. His memory swelled with recognition for this girl he thought he had never met before. "Do you have a name," he asked sitting next to her, pulling a cigarette out of his pocket and lighting it. "Yeah. Jules. Jules Blanchard." The cigarette flew from his mouth as he coughed looking at her sideways. "Jules Blanchard?" he coughed. "Yeah." She answered. "Why? Ring a bell or something?" "Many. I know you." "I figured that. Oh my Gosh!" She jumped up. "You . . . you're that vampire guy that took my mates from the maternity ward! But you left me." "Yeah and you're that strange kid. The one who didn't cry. Look at you know though." "Hey. Your friend in there just wiped out my whole family. What do you want me to do?" "Angel. Or Angelus as he's taken up calling himself again. You're the vacuum salesman family?" HE cucked and abruptly stopped as her fist met his cheek. "Ow!" He jumped up and faced her hands raised for a fight. She

stood calmly in front of him. "Your so morbid. How could you laugh at someones whole family dying?" "I don't have a soul, dear." "Shouldn't you be locked in a wheel chair now? Your ho is making her way for your room." She smiled evilly at him as he turned toward the building. She watched him run, to the window which he had climbed out of and jump in. She watched him from the distance as he waited. And waited. She saw his blond head shoot up from the bed he had sprawled out on and look her way. She pointed a finger at him and laughed. He got up and locked the door and was next to her again in a minute. "Not Nice." "I wanted to see you scared." "I wasn't scared." "Were too." "Look you little bi--" "Now now, none of that talk here. So I see you don't have a happy for Angelus either?" "Not particularly." "Good. You can help me kick his ass, then I'll kill him." "I'll help you. But I get to kill him." "We'll see when the time comes, won't we." "Fine meet me here tomorrow night at ten. They'll be out hunting, we can train." "No problem." ***** A month later- "We're gonna have to sometime in the very near future, luv. Like by tonight." Spike said as the girl flung stakes at a dummy. She was getting good. She packed at a good punch and fought well, but didn't have as much strength as the slayer. But she could last at a long time, with his help, they could probably fight Angel. Fight him, winning wasn't guaranteed. "Why? I'm so not ready." "Acatlala. Angel'd making his move tonight, he found out from that bloody wretched watcher how to get Acatlala to . . . work." "Fine." The door handle rattled as someone came to the door. The girl grabbed the dummy and ran into a nearby closet. "What is it?" "We're ready." Spike opened the door. Angelus stepped in. The girl stepped closer to the door and watched the two converse through a gap by the handle. Angel stopped talking and looked around the room. Her breath caught in her throat as he looked straight towards the door. "I smell . . ." Angel sniffed the air towards the closet. " . . . Sweaty girl? Spike old chum?" He moved toward the door and Spike didn't stop him. She flung the door open and slammed Angel in the head. He fell to the ground and growled, his face turned up to her in full vamp mode. She kicked him as he laid on the ground laughing at her. He got up as she moved away, paralyzed by his eyes. He threw a punch and missed her as she broke her paralysis and dodged it. The girl punched him above his eye. He pushed her down to the floor and her head hit the dresser with a bang. "Hey Hey Hey!" Spike yelled at Angel who was ready to pounce on the girl. "That's my dinner. So back off." Frustrated Angel backed away from the girl, "Well hurry up an eat! It's almost time for the end of the world." Angel said a little giddy. He left the two and called for Drucilla loud enough for Spike to hear his lude comments towards her. Spike cautiously wheeled himself over to the motionless girl. He turned her over. Blood dripped down her face onto her shirt. His face rippled at the smell of fresh blood, but kept it's human form as he lifted her up and onto the bed. Out of a drawer he pulled some ammonia and opened it under her nose. Slowly she awoke. Her head throbbing. "I didn't." she said groggily. "Get out of here. I've got to go. Save the world." "Spike. My head. Ow." "Jules, go on now. Quickly." She lifted herself off the bed and moved towards the window. Dizziness swept over her but she kept her balance as she slipped out the window. Chapter One 1998-99 Sunnydale, California Any street. Silently he followed behind her. Darkness enveloped the streets and it was past midnight. He couldn't see who she was but he felt a rush of familiarity as he watched her walk. He hair was piled on top of her head, exposing a long slender neck. She let out a soft sigh. In her hand there was a red rose. The color of love. He had been in love once, but she had betrayed him time and time again until he got fed up with her and left her in Brazil. He

shook the thoughts out of his mind. He readied himself to attack. She spun quickly facing him with a sly smile covering her whole face. He sank back, almost falling to the ground. "Spike." She moved closer to him, revealing her identity to him. "My dear Jules." He grabbed her into a hug. His face melted into a snarling mess as his teeth grew to frightening fangs. He bent his head down to take a bite from her delicate neck. She ducked her body out of his arms and kicked him in the stomach "You forget Spike. I'm special. I can read minds and see futures. Even ones of the walking dead." She smiled sweetly to the doubled over man. His face lifted, the sneering expression and fangs gone, replaced by the face of a young man, with the brightest hair one has ever seen. "I see you haven't changed a bit luv." He straightened himself out wiping the dust away from his shaggy black attire. "Either have you, luv." "Are those for me?" He gestured to the single rose and the brown teddy bear she held in her hands. "You wish Spike." From her pocket she withdraw a charm on a velvet strap. "But, I did bring you this." She extended her arm to him. He glanced at it warily, afraid it was a cross or some cursed gift. "Take it," she demanded. Gingerly he took it from her hand. He studied it intently. "This . . . this was my mother's." He closed his fist over the charm. "Where'd you get this?" "The factory. You left it there. You were in such a rush to get your ho out of town you forgot some things. And to say goodbye." He rolled his eyes at her than smiled. She had always been so jealous of Dru. She opened his fist gently, she pointed to the charm, a small child in the arms of a woman. "You told me it was a symbol. A symbol of the love every person, every child holds for its mother." She paused watching Spike watch her. "Even those like you." She closed his fist and picked up her things. "Have a nice death Spike." She turned and left him staring after her. He watched her walk until she was almost out of his sight than overcame whatever was holding him to that spot and caught up behind her. "Did you have a date, luv?" He slipped the charm into his duster as he joined her side. "Spike, I thought you knew better than that? You know my heart belongs to you." She laughed and hugged the bear. Spike raised his eyebrows waiting for the truth. "Yes. I did." Passing a garbage can she tossed the gifts into it. "And I know what he really wanted." "Ah, so this little town is still in the dark. They haven't found out about your 'gift' yet have they?" "No of course not. If they did, I'd be the new freak in town. Might even replace the slayers freakiness." A snap of a twig which was barely audible brought the girl to a full stop with her hands at her temples. "Jules? Are you alright?" Spike grabbed her elbows facing her to him. She opened her eyes and surveyed the area behind them. "I don't need this tonight." "Well what is it? Spike growled at her, impatiently. "It's the damn slayer." She closed her eyes searching for thoughts other than hers and Spike's. "She's coming." "Are you sure dear? You know how you get paranoid in the dark. Besides, I don't see anyone." He squinted his eyes to see further in the darkness. "No, I'm lying." "Now don't' get smart Jules. Why don't I take you home . . ." He stopped talking as she raised her index finger to his lips. Playfully he kissed the finger. She ignored him and pushed him back two steps. Above a rustling that was apparent in the trees, and a woman dropped out. "Clever. How'd yah know I was up there?" she asked the two. A look of annoyance crossed Jules face. A smile crept upon Spike's face. "Slayer." "Spike." She looked at the girl. "Am I gonna get an introduction? Or is she a midnight snack?" "Jules, Slayer. Slayer, Jules." Spike smirked knowing he was annoying the slayer. "Spike, It's time to go." Jules pulled at his arm and tried to drag him away from the slayer. "Jules, you're such a drag." He yanked his arm out of her grasp. "Fine. You can have your fun. But

I'm not up to any silly games tonight." She left him alone standing by the slayers side. They watched her disappear into the shadows. A stake appeared in her hand. "Who is she, Spike?" "Stay away from her slayer, she won't bother you any." Spike turned and faced the shorter blond woman, with her stake perched high in the air. "Oh, God put that down." She relaxed her arm to her side but watched him with piercing eyes. "I didn't ask that, Spike. I asked who she was. Vampire? Witch? Evil Demon?" She gripped the stake waiting for Spike to make a wrong move so she could end his un-life once and for all. "None of the above slayer. She's just a regular girl. Like you. Well not like you. But similar." Spike turned away from the slayer chuckling to himself. "Just a girl, huh? A girl who hangs out with a vicious vampire." She followed him. Fed up with her questions about Jules he pushed her against a telephone pole. Holding her against it he breathed into her ear. "Keep away from her. She's not evil!" Buffy pushed him away from her, his tangy breath intruding in on the sweet night smells. He spun away from her into the woods. She began to follow him than stopped. She'd get her chance sooner or later. "Bad night Spike?" She placed the stake back into her coat pocket and walked on to do some more hunting. "And what are you doing back here?" Chapter Two 1998-99 -Sunnydale High School -The factory The cafeteria was filled with the everyday noises of laughter, yelling and gossip. Alone, the girl sat at a round cafeteria table. She had no friends. She had only moved here last year, but kept away from everyone. Except Spike. She never knew why he never killed her. Maybe it was because of the strange connection they had when she was a baby. In a fight he would easily win, but they hardly ever fought, well that was before. She let her thoughts wonder for awhile... about Spike, about the slayer, and about her long dead family members. They were killed only a week after they had moved to Sunnydale. By Angelus. Soon after that she met Spike, who shared her same desire to get rid of him. Only their motives were different. She wanted him for taking away her family, Spike wanted him for stealing away Dru. A group entering the room caught her eye. It was the slayer and her friends. They moved forward and sat at a vacant table. They started in deep conversation as soon as they were seated. She closed her eyes and reached across the room to the slayers mind. They were talking about her and Spike. She looked deeper into her mind just to see what she could find. She opened her eyes quickly with the thoughts that intruded her mind of Buffy's. Quickly she grabbed her bookbag and ran out of the cafeteria. She got out of a low green car thanking the driver she had hitched with. She found Spike inside the factory. She knew he would be there. He had no where else to go. She had felt his presence this morning before she had left for school. She wondered if he had found she set up home there. He was lying on the floor when she walked in. She stepped over him to make her way to the back room which she had taken over. A hand shot out and grabbed her ankle, bringing her to the ground. Her bookbag fell on his face giving her the advantage of him having no sight she sent her opposite foot to his chest. He released his grip, throwing the bookbag of his head and grabbing his chest at the same time. "Jules." He groaned. "Surprise. Let me ask you something, Spike." He sat up rubbing his chest. "You haven't lost your touch." "That isn't the point Spike." She sighed in annoyance. "So what is? And who gave you permission to live here?" He picked up her bag and began to unzip it. Impatient, she grabbed it away from him. "They kicked me out of the apartment after they found out I was by myself. Said they didn't want to be a place for runaways." She zippered up the bag. "Should of bloody killed them." "Shut up." She moved away from him and leaned against a dusty old couch. "Angel's back." She said suddenly. "I don't know why I didn't

get this before but he is." "Oh come on now Jules, What do you take me for? An imbecile? He's in Hell." "I saw him in the slayer's mind. He's staying at the mansion." "Now your really starting to annoy me, Jules. The slayer killed him. Now get outta here before I get hungry again." "Oh shut up Spike. You're all talk. Anyway, this is my place now." "What?" He asked standing. She stood, much shorter than him. "I said you're all bark. No bite." She laughed seeing his anger as his face snarled and fangs grew. Amused she stood face to face with him. He grabbed her hair and twisted her head to get a clear bite on her neck. She swirled away from him sending a leg back as she did, sending him falling onto his back. He grunted as he fell and a stake appeared in Jules's hand. She jumped on his stomach straddling it, stake poised high in the air. "You're getting sloppy in your old age, Spike." She dropped her hand, landing it right on his left side. His face regained normal context and he grabbed her wrist tightly. He pulled her so her face was only centimeters from hers. "You know I wouldn't hurt you Jules." He moved in to kiss her. She pushed him back to the floor climbing away from him. "Listen Spike you came back her for a reason. It's your destiny. You came back her to help me kill Angel." "Jules, I came back because. . ." he searched for a reason he came back. He didn't know why. He just did. "I came back because I knew I forgot something, and now I have it." He stuttered as he pulled the charm out from his shirt which he had attached to a gold chain. "And he's not alive!" "He is so!" she yelled at him. She turned and began gathering her things off the floor. "You know what," she said more calmly, "If you're to chicken to help me with this problem than go crawling back to that little slut Drool-silla and stay the hell away from here." "Don't call her a slut." "Well the truth can't escape me, Spike and you know it. I can see into your mind and I know ALL about . . ." He jumped and pushed her against the wall. "Shut your damn mouth! You know nothing! Stay out of my g-d damned mind." "I need your help Spike! He killed my family! She pushed him away from her. "Forget it. I don't need your help. I'll do it myself." She ran out of the factory leaving Spike alone. "Jules!" he called after her. He rolled his eyes. "Teenagers." Chapter Three Sunnydale, California 1998-1999 -Bronze -factory She sat in the farthest corner of the Bronze, the shadows engulfing her. She needed to be alone, sort through her mind and make a plan to destroy Angel. She had her head in her hands when she felt the presence of another next to her. She didn't raise her head, she already knew who it was. "Spike." "Jules." "Go away. Your hair is bothering my eyes." "I've got something to tell you." "I thought I made it clear I don't want to be involved with you at all, I don't want to talk you, see you or hear you, so leave." Spike grabbed her arm and dragged her out the back exit. "Listen, I've got to tell you something." She pulled away from him. "What?" "I saw Angel. I went and I saw him at the mansion. . ." He muttered. Angrily she pushed him. "And you didn't believe me! Have I EVER lied to you?" Her voice turned high and whiney as she turned away from him. "You didn't believe me." "It wasn't very plausible at the time. Besides, how could you know, just by reading her mind. She coulda been day dreaming." "But she wasn't! When are you gonna accept I can see things." She turned to face him again. "You believed Drool," she mumbled. "That was different! And stop calling her that!" "I'm going home." She pushed past him walking down the alley to the main road. "How are you going to get there?" He called after her. "I'll hitch a ride." He caught up behind her. Taking her hand he whispered, "I'm sorry, Jules. Look, I'll give you a ride. It's not safe to hitch rides. Especially around here." "Fine," she said quietly. She faced him. Tears streamed down her face. "Aw, Jules. I said I was sorry."

He brushed the tears of her cheeks, but they kept flowing down. "I'm sorry." She let out a gaspy laugh. "You think I'm crying over you? Don't flatter yourself. It's Angel. He killed my whole family. I didn't believe he was back at first either, but now . . . now . . ." She sobbed on his chest as he hugged her. "I have no one now. Just me." "Jules, you have me." He wrapped his arms tightly around her shaking body, letting her cry. She let his comment fly past her. She could analyze it later to find out if he really meant it. At this moment she was too tired to do anything. "Come on. Let's go." He draped an arm over her shoulder and they walked to his car. The old engine growled in protest as he started it up but gave in. He drove off into the dark night with the girl drifting into sleep in the seat next to him. Buffy stepped out from behind a stack of boxes where she had been watching the two quarrel. A stunned expression was on her face. How could Spike be so gentle and sweet to a person, especially a HUMAN one. Maybe he just wanted to get her in bed, have a snack and leave. Something in her mind told her it was more than a sleep, eat and run motive making him so nice to the girl, who had lost everything from something that was partially her fault. Spike carried the girl into the factory from his car. Sound asleep she didn't awake when he tried to wake her. He carried her to the bedroom in the back that she had fixed up. Carefully he brought her into the dark room. He could barely make out the bed in the dark. Nearly tripping and falling twice he finally made it to the bed from the faint lights of the moon trickling in through the boarded up windows. He softly placed her on the bed, and began lighting the candles that were on the nightstand by her bed. When he finished he began rummaging through some of her drawers, looking for her night clothes. He found a long silky white gown. Carefully he pulled it over her clothes. Carefully, he took her clothes off from beneath it. When he finished he slipped her under the covers and watched her sleep. He threw his duster to a chair and kicked off his boots. Blowing out the candles one by one he wished to himself that he would get revenge on Angel for what he did to Jules and himself. Before laying down he kissed Jules's cheek. He thought he saw her smile. ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** Jules woke up well past eight. Her head rested upon Spike's chest as he snored. She slapped his chest and jumped up on the bed. She pulled the covers around her. Spike sat up abruptly. "What happened!" "Did we . . . Oh my G-d! How? Tell me we didn't . . ." She was backing away from Spike. She came to the end of the bed and fell off landing in a tangled mess on the floor. Spike's head appeared on the edge of the bed. He looked down at her. Sleepily he held a hand out to help her up. She ignored it and stood up, where she immediately fell to the ground again after tripping over the covers. He laughed at her only angering her more. She stayed on the ground as he offered her his hand again. "Answer me!" "No we didn't." She took his hand. He pulled her onto the bed where she un-tangled herself from the sheets. "And if we did," he continued, "you sure as hell would remember it." She rolled her eyes at him as she glanced at the alarm clock that was on her dresser. "Shit! What happened to my alarm!" She picked it up shaking it. "I had to get up at 5:30, so I could be at school by 7:30. Not everyone has the convenience of a bus you know." "I turned it off." "Spike," she groaned. She moved to her closet. She grabbed a skirt and a sweater, and made her way to the renovated bathroom on the other side of the room. She turned the shower facet on warm and started to shut the door. Spike put a foot in the door and stepped in. "You have electricity?" "What do I look like? A pilgrim?" "So what's with the candles and battery operated clock?" "Um it's called perserving energy. I can't pay a five-hundred dollar electric bill a month." She moved towards him. "Check it out," she said flicking a

switch near his head. The bathroom and bedroom lights came on along with a radio which sounded through the whole factory. "Who did that for you?" "I did it my self." She pushed him out of the bathroom. "Now I have to take a shower and than you have to drive me to school." "It's daylight?!" "You'll have to run for it," she smiled wickedly at him and shut the door. He moved across the room and picked up the tangeled mess of covers on the floor. He stopped listening to her sweet voice sing along with the radio.

~~~~~ Real Love, I'm looking for a real love, Someone to show my heart to Real love I'm looking for a real love.

~~~~~ Her singing stopped and was replaced by a shriek. Spike stood in the middle of the room motionless. He heard the water stop, some rustling noises than the door flew open. He dropped his coat on the floor and strode over to Jules. "What is it, luv?" He asked, concerned at the serious, scared look on her face. She pointed to the shower where a spider climbed up the tiles. Spike pinched his lips shut as he reached over and took the spider from the wall. He dropped it into the toliet and flushed it. He didn't turn a face her after he took the spider. He placed one hand on the sink counter and faced away from her trying to keep his laughing silent. "What's wrong? Spike! Are you laughing? What's so funny!" He faced her and began laughing even harder. He fell to the floor chuckling so hard tears trickled out of the corner of his eyes. She stood in front of him. One hand on her hip, the other holding the towel up. Her hair was matted from the water and droplets of water beaded up on her skin. He calmed down enough just enough to tell her what was so funny. "You: miss tough person girl, is afraid on a little old spider." He began to stand. "Look at yourself. You look so helpless too." She pushed him out the door. "Shut up!" A new song started on the radio. Spike stopped laughing and listened. "I know this song! Let's dance." "Um no." He spun away from her and danced around the room. Quite good she had to admit. He took her hand singing nonsense words along with the tune of the song. "I thought you said you knew this song." "Oh well . . ." She stood stock still as Spike danced around her, listening to the music and Spike's giberish. She started giggling watching him make a fool of himself. The normal Spike, who was always so wired would commit himself. {to a mental home}

~~~~~ Baby when we're grinding I get so excited Oh how I like I try but I can't fight it Oh we're dancing real close Plus it's real, real slow Your making it hard for me. ~~~~~ "Spike." "C'mon dance with me baby." "Not now." She laughed as he danced away from her. ~~~~~ The way that you shake it on me Makes me want you so bad sexually Oh Girl! Baby when we're grinding I get so excited Oh how I like I try but I can't fight it Oh we're dancing real close Plus it's real, real slow Your making it hard for me. I love when you shake it like that Ha Ha Ha I see that you like it like that Uh Uh Uh ~~~~~ She moved away from him and made her way to the the bathroom. "Aren't you going to dance?" "Later. I promise." She turned and returned to the steamy bathroom closing the door behind her. Chapter 4 1998-99 -Factory -Sunnydale High School -library She appeared a half an hour later, hair dried, makeup on and dressed. She wore a long silvery skirt, with a matching sweater. Spike returned from the front room when he heard her emerge from the bathroom. He wore a new black shirt, with blue jeans. She stared at the change in his apperal. She had never seen him in anything except black and that dingy red shirt he always wore. "Well that's a change." She commented. "It's all I could find. Don't get used to this." He glanced at her clothing, "Talk about change." "What? This old thing?" She twirled around showing off. He stared at her than quickly changing the subject he grabbed his duster and a hat. "I'm

gonna run out to the car. Hurry up." She listened to him leaving than grabbed a pair of sneakers and her schoolbooks. She jogged to the car and slid in next to Spike. "Make it OK?" She looked him over. "Of course." The drive to school was long and silent. Neither talking or making any attempt to. Every so often Jules would glance in Spike's direction and look away quickly. Spike's eyes never left the road. Spike pulled under the shade of a tree. She glanced at her watch, than to him. She made no effort to get up and leave. "You're missing class." She picked at her nails. "I uh, want to um, thank you." She whispered not looking up. "Excuse me? I thought I heard a thank you but I just couldn't quit hear .." "I said thank you ok Spike? For making me truly laugh this morning. Now don't stretch it or I'll take it back." He draped his arm on the back of her seat. "Your welcome." She brushed her lips across his cheek. "Thank you." She left the car and walked into the building. Spike sat stunned for awhile. That was the first time Jules had ever muttered a thank you in her life. He sped off in the car. Back to the factory. Jules sat alone in the the cafeteria, reading as her lunch laid untouched before her. She grabbed the biscuit from her plate and started chewing hungrily on it. She kept glancing over at the table of Buffy and her friends. She knew something was coming but not what. Finally she sat really reading for a while until a shadow fell over her book. "What?" She asked. "We have to talk." Buffy closed her book. "What if I say no?" "What if I say don't push it." "Fine." Giles sat next to Willow. He pulled a watchers diary out of his bag. "This, this book has Spike in it. And it is recorded that he had fallen in love with a human girl." "You mean this has happened before?" Willow asked. "What is it that drives girls to vampires? I don't see it." Xander commented. "I don't think that's what the question should be," began Oz, "Why does Spike get attracted to human girls?" "Well it could be a number of things. Spike was different to begin with. He, he gets some what personal in his battles." "Who was the human girl he was with before?" Willow asked. "Cecily Mankins, in eastern Europe." "How'd she die?" "He killed her." "Oh. . . Oh! You think he'll kill Jules?" "Eventually. He's very possessive. If she gets involved with anyone else she could be . . . dead." Buffy opened the library door and walked in, Jules followed slowly behind her. She picked up immediatly what they had been talking about, it hung in the air and one with her powers couldn't miss it. "I brought her. No where's my prize." "What?" Jules interrupted them. She didn't want to be here. "Buffy has informed me that she's seen you around with Spike." "So what? That is my business." "But it's Spike. Mean. Fangly, blood sucking feind from beyond the grave, you know?" Willow put in her two cents. "Yeah I know." "So you tolerate him killing people?" Buffy asked. "Hey he does what he's gotta do. I don't get involved with that," she spat back at Buffy. "I don't question your love for Angel and he's just as bad." "That's my business." "And Spike is mine." Jules turned away from the group closing her eyes. Trying to reach into the others minds and find out some more information. "Uh- uh." Buffy. "No mind reading." "Fine," she answered crossing her arms. "Look. I got things to do." "How do you know Spike?" "A mutual friend." "C'mon. Give us some details. Xander erged. Jules shot him a dirty look. "Ok don't." "I saw the two of you last night," Buffy started, "behind the Bronze." Jules swallowed hard. "What's your point?" "You were talking about Angel. How he killed your family last year." "That was a private conversation." She answered through clenched teeth. "Aren't my thoughts private?" Buffy countered. "That's completly different." "Is it?" "No. But . . . your love toy killed my whole family. Yeah he did. Yeah I wanna kick his ass, turn him to dust." She spun around and ran out into the empty hall. "I'll, I'll get her." Buffy offered

than ran out after her. Jules stood outside the door and watched Buffy look around from her. She stepped out into Buffy's line of vision. Buffy jumped back a little. "Listen Jules . . ." "I was having a real good day. This morning, I laughed, I mean really laughed. I haven't laughed since my parents died. I can't explain it." "He makes you feel like the most special person in the world. Am I right? When he touches you feel your blood heat up, your insides melt?" Jules looked at Buffy with tears forming at the corners of her eyes. "How do you know?" "I've been there." She thought for a second. "Of course not with Spike . . .Ew." Jules did a semi chuckle/giggle thing then stood there watching Buffy. "He's evil Jules. . ." "He's different. I saw it in his mind." "What?" "What's it to you anyways? You're in love with a vampire, and you're a slayer," she hissed at Buffy. "Angel has a soul." She defended Angel. "Look, just watch. He's different. I mean, Yeah he's gotta do what-not to stay well, but I'll make him stop. Get him blood from the hospital or butcher shops. Just stay away from us. This is between me, Spike and Angelus." She started to walk away. "I can't let him kill people," Buffy called after her. Jules walked away from her, with only a flip of her hair as an answer. Chapter 5 1998-99 Sunnydale, California -Factory Her legs ached as she approached the factory. She hadn't found a ride so she had to walk the whole way. She pulled open the rusted door, and stepped in the dark room. She waited while her eyes adjusted then threw her backpack to the side. "Spike?" she called out timidly. There was no answer. She sighed and made her way to her room. She quietly filed around the room, picking up and straightening things that were already clean. She sat on the bed tired and closed her eyes. A loud clanging noise came from the room across the hall. Slowly she got up and peeked out the doorway. She saw legs emerging from the counter on the left side. Quietly she walked in and knelt next to the legs. "Whatcha doing?" Spike pulled himself out of the hole in the counter where he had been working. "Making you a kitchen." He gestured around the room. A table had been set up in the far corner. A refrigerator stood opposite from it. He pointed to the hole. "I was fixing up the old pipes here to make a sink." She pulled herself up and walked around the room. Spike had got up and turned on a switch next to the table. Music played and the lights came on, letting her see the room more clearly. The floor had been swept and washed. The cob webs had been cleared, and cans of paint stood by the far wall. "Spike. This is . . . Wow! I didn't know you could do all this . . ." she smiled at him. Spike watched her smiling glad he could help lift her spirits. "It was nothing really." Her smile faded as she remembered the promise she had made to the slayer. "Spike. I have to tell you something." "What? Wait how about that dance you promised?" He asked. "No. Not now. It's the slayer. She. Well. At lunch she approached me and we had a little chat. And. Well I promised her something you won't like a bit..." "What?" He asked a little frustrated she didn't just say it and get it over with. "That you would stop hunting." "What!" "I told her you would be . . . good." "When did you become my spokesperson?" He interrupted her. "And I told her that I'd get you blood from the butcher or something like that." She finished staring at the ground. "No." "She'll kill you." "You just go back and tell her no. Work out something else." "Spike . . ." "No." "Listen to me!" She slammed her fist down on the counter. "She will kill you," she said slowly, "Either you stop or die . . .again. Now listen, this is me not the Slayer talking. I, want you to stop. I want you to be 'normal'." "And you listen to me. I am not 'normal', I'll never be normal. Either are you. Or The Slayer." "Please!" "I'll think about it!" "Fine." She left him in the kitchen and went into her room. Spike followed her and stood in the doorway.

"Anything else you want me to drop?" "I'm not listening." "How bout you drop your quest to kill Angel." She looked up from the magazine she had picked up. "Huh?" "Then you do it too." "Fine." "So what's the prize? What do I get when I beat you and can last longer than you?" She said challenging him. Spike smiled and gestured his hand. "Oh ew. Not with you though right?" She through the magazine a him and laid down on the bed. "I'm going to sleep." "Not yet you not." She pulled the pillow over her head to drown out his voice. Spike grabbed her around her waist and picked her up placing her next to the bed. She stood there waiting. "Dance?" "No." She whispered loudly in his ear. It was too late though because a new song had started and they were both swaying to the music. She placed her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. She hesitantly looked into his mind to see if his promise would keep. She could see he would try with the hunting, but staying away from Angel was a no. Oh well she thought smiling. He can do my dirty work, and I'll get the prize for him being a loser. Works out pretty damn good she thought. Sunnydale 1998-99 -The factory -Sunnydale High -Mansion She twisted the faucet on. Nothing came out. She shut it off and tried again. Nothing. "It's not working." She told Spike who was on his back fumbling around with some tools. She turned it on and left it on as she walked over to the table and sat down. It was seven o'clock in the morning and he was already fiddling around with the sink. "I think you should just let it be so you can get up and drive me to school." "Ow!" He threw a wrench across the room. It bounced of the wall and fell in front of Jules's feet. He slid out from the hole and brushed the dust away from his clothes. "I don't see why this piece of . . ." "Just let it be and take me t o school already, huh?" she interrupted him. " . . . doesn't work!" He finished. "Oh right. You. School. C'mon then." Buffy kicked and pummeled the dummy Giles had set up for her. The conversation between Spike and Jules played through her mind. She saw the upset face of the girl as she spoke of Angel, about what he had done. She stop training and grabbed a towel, wiping away the sweat from her face. Buffy grabbed her jacket and ran out of the library. Angel sat on the old couch browsing through some old magazine he had found. Buffy hadn't came by in days. Footsteps startled him from his world of reading. He looked up and Buffy stood above him, bag in hand. "I uh, brought you dinner." She handed him the bag. "Thanks." He studied Buffy's face. She looked troubled. "What is it? Has something happened?" "No. Well not yet. But there's been some stuff going on. Stuff I need your help with." She paused. "I need to know everything you know about Jules Blanchard, and her family." "Name doesn't ring a bell . . ." "You. . .ahem . . .killed her family last year." "Oh." He frowned. "Oh." He said remembering. "The girl that Spike was training to kill me. Oh." "Well, there's her and her what's the word . . . quest, to kill you. and it doesn't help that Spike's back. . ." "Spike's back? Why didn't you tell me sooner?" "You still haven't regained enough strength to do anything about it. I didn't want you to get hurt." "Wait Jules is telepathic or psychic right? So she knows I'm still alive." "She's psychic?" "Something of that sort. She can know only what she wants to know. She'll block out what she doesn't want to know." "Well Spike and her are . . .how do I put this? Together." "She's human right? Reminds of that time with him and Cecily Mankins, well until he killed her. Watch them Buffy." Angel stood and opened the bag Buffy brought him. "She's strong, but not strong enough to fight me, or Spike. Make sure he doesn't hurt her." "I'll do my best." Spike watched Angel and Buffy in deep conversation from hole in the ceiling. He had quietly torn a small hole so he could watch them. He listened to their conversation as it trailed off. He kicked the hole and some debris from the ceiling

fell, than without hesitating he jumped into the larger hole and landed in front of Angel and Buffy. "Spike." Buffy and Angel echoed each other. "Slayer. Angelus." "What do you want?" Angel growled. "Oh, nothing really, just wanted have a little chat with my chums." "There is a thing called a door these days Spike." Buffy commented. Spike rolled his eyes. "So talk." Angel said. Chapter 7 1998-99 Sunnydale, California -Mansion -Factory Spike chuckled at the slayer's readiness to fight. "Good, Good, at least it'll be somewhat challenging. What's a matter pussy cat?" He asked, trying to anger Angel. Angel kept his cool only glaring at Spike. "Spike, I gave you the chance to leave town. You shouldn't of come back." Buffy growled at him. "You gave me NO chance Slayer-darling. I was just sick of this whole place. Trouble always brewing, even when it's not me." "Spike, you just want to get on with it? I mean you're just prolonging your second death." Buffy impatiently commented. "I'm not the one who's gonna die tonight. Your little lapdog here is. And boy does he deserve it. I mean, go along and kill me, as long as I kill Angelus first." Spike said a bit to cockily. "You're wrong Spike." Angel growled. "Only you die tonight." \*\*\*\*\* Jules wiped her tear stained face off as she calmed herself down next to Xander, who was still stunned. "What's wrong with him?" She asked Cordy. Xander shook his head as to clear it and looked at Jules. "Mind telling us what this BIG problem is?" "Well Spike, and . . . Buffy, and . . . there was blood - -" She sniffled. "It was horrible. Angel he- he . . . I saw it all happen in my dream. They all die. Buffy is killed by Spike, who was killed by Angel who kills himself after its all over. We have to stop it. Hurry!" \*\*\*\*\* Spike lunged at Angel and began punching the weak man's chest. Buffy threw him off Angel. Spike landed in a heap on the floor. He jumped up and was ready for more. "Bring it on, the two of you. You make me sick." He grabbed a near-by lamp and hurled it at Angel's head. It smashed against it and Angel fell to the ground with a sickening thud. Buffy ran towards Spike stake in hand. Spike grabbed onto her wrist and twisted it until the stake clattered to the ground. "Now what Slayer?" She kicked him with all her strength in his stomach. He bent over a quick second before regaining his strength. "That mighta hurt . . . if I was a living breathing creature." He punched Buffy twice, hard on her cheek and nose, blood poured down a cut on her cheek onto her white t-shirt. "You just made me ruin my FAVORITE shirt!" She lept on to him and began punching him with all her might as he lay under her on the ground. \*\*\*\*\* "Jules . . . Jules . . ." Xander shook the whimpering girl next to him. She quickly opened her eyes wide. "It's begun! Are we almost there?" "It's right around this corner!" Cordelia squealed the tires as they turned onto the adjoining road. She sped into the driveway and the three jumped out. \*\*\*\*\* "This is for knocking Angel out, and this is for dirtying my shirt, AND this is for corrupting Jules AND this IS for JUST BECAUSE!" Buffy screamed at Spike who laughed as each punch hit. He threw her off him and got up, still laughing. "I might die tonight Slayer but I'm taking lover boy here with me!" He grabbed her stake from the ground in one swift motion, than ran toward Angel. "Oh no you do not!" Buffy jumped in the air launching a flying kick, hitting Spike right in his groin. "Now that . . . hurt, luv." Spike grumbled as he fell to the floor. Jules threw the front door open to the mansion. She heard a groan come from the main room, where Acatla had been set up. She ran in and saw Spike crumpled, on the ground. "Spike!" She ran and slid down next to him. "Are you alright?" "Fine. Now get outta here. I've got business." "Fuck your business. We're leaving, NOW!" Angel groaned from behind the couch where he had landed. Jules didn't hear it at first, her attention concentrated on Spike. Than it came again, louder as he

began to stand. Jules looked up at the battered figure before her, a growl emerged from her throat, and she stood staring at the beast that stole her life away from her. "Fucking bastard!!!!" She launched herself across the back of the coach onto Angel throwing wild punches, biting and kicking. "I hate you!" She screamed tears forming. "You stole my life!" She slumped down off of the bewildered man. She brushed her hair away from her neck. "Kill me too. Please. Just stop the pain. Please." She looked pleadingly up into the man's eyes. "Do IT. C'mon. You didn't hesitate killing my family! Don't hesitate with me either. DO IT NOW, GOD DAMMIT!" She lunged at him. "I'll give you reason to then." Spike watched from the ground as Jules went hysterical. Buffy, Cordelia and Xander were backed into the corner of the room watching also. Spike leaped up as Jules lunged for Angelus and grabbed her to the floor, holding her tight. She cried hysterically onto his shoulder, until she fell into a deep sleep. Nobody moved. Spike murmured reassuring words into the girl's ear. Finally Buffy moved to Angel who had begun to cry. "Let Spike kill me. I deserve it look at all the pain I've caused." Buffy looked teary-eyed up to Angel. "No. You are a different person now. It wasn't you. It was the demon inside of you. This is you. The man who feels bad for what has happened. Please, listen to me Angel!" He looked down to Buffy, tears had begun to stream down her face. "I . . . can't." He muttered. Spike gathered Jules up into his arms, not looking anywhere but the girl's sleeping face. Spike was ashamed. It was a new feeling to him. All the pain he caused to others especially to the one he thought he loved, suddenly hit him. He quickly walked to the door, stopping just before leaving. "I'm sorry." He whispered lowly, and left the mansion. For good. Angel's sensitive ears picked up Spike's apology, and he raised his head to the empty doorway. Angel didn't respond. He didn't know how to. He just stood there and stared. Spike slid Jules into the passenger seat in his beat up car. She didn't stir. She looked so peaceful in sleep. But so does everyone. Cordelia tugged at Xander's arm, who was still mesmerized by the nights occurrences. "They need to be alone." Xander followed her outside. She wrapped him in a hug before they got in the car. "Some things just touch you, yah know?" She got in the driver's seat as Xander slowly walked around the car. "Was that a deep thought from my Cordy?" He muttered to himself. "Weeeiirddd night." When Cordy and Xander had finally left, Angel turned back to Buffy, taking her small hands into his. "Buffy I love you." She hugged him and kissed his neck softly. "I love you too, Angel. More than anything." They stood together like embraced for what seemed forever. THE END

End  
file.